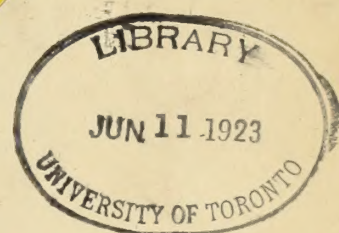


GOBLIN

JUNE

1923

PRICE
20¢





Somewhere West of Laramie

SOMEWHERE west of Laramie there's a broncho-busting, steer-roping girl who knows what I'm talking about.

She can tell what a sassy pony, that's a cross between greased lightning and the place where it hits, can do with eleven hundred pounds of steel and action when he's going high, wide and handsome.

The truth is—the Playboy was built for her.

Built for the lass whose face is brown with the sun when the day is done of revel and romp and race.

She loves the cross of the wild and the tame.

There's a savor of links about that car—of laughter and lilt and light—a hint of old loves—and saddle and quirt. It's a brawny thing—yet a graceful thing for the sweep o' the Avenue.

Step into the Playboy when the hour grows dull with things gone dead and stale.

Then start for the land of real living with the spirit of the lass who rides, lean and rangy, into the red horizon of a Wyoming twilight.

To the men and women of the leading colleges who expect to enter business, the Jordan Company is making an unusual proposition. A card, addressed to the sales department will bring complete information.

JORDAN

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc., Cleveland, Ohio

p74-0694-023)

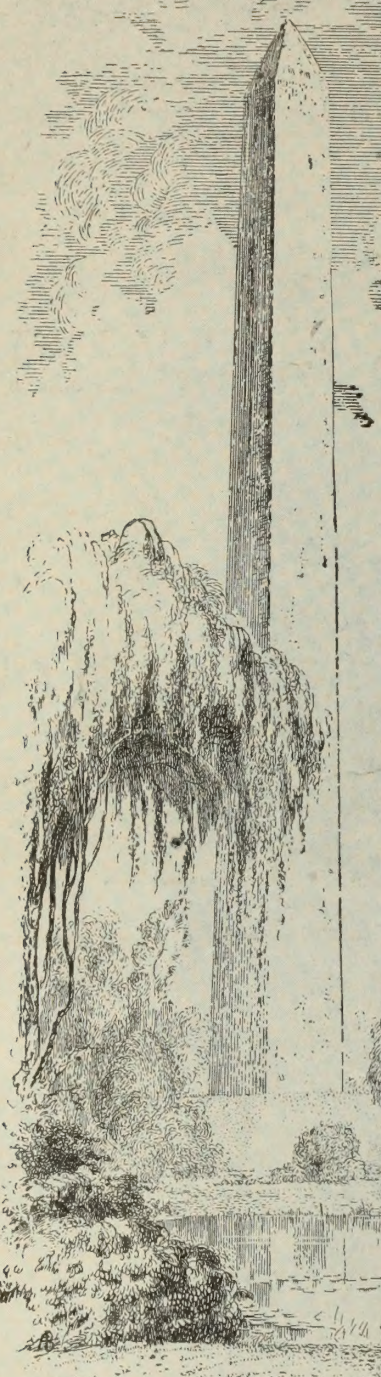
The Guaranteed *Forsyth* Athletic Underwear



KITCHENER

JOHN FORSYTH, LIMITED
Fine Shirts, Athletic Underwear, Pyjamas, Soft Collars

ONTARIO



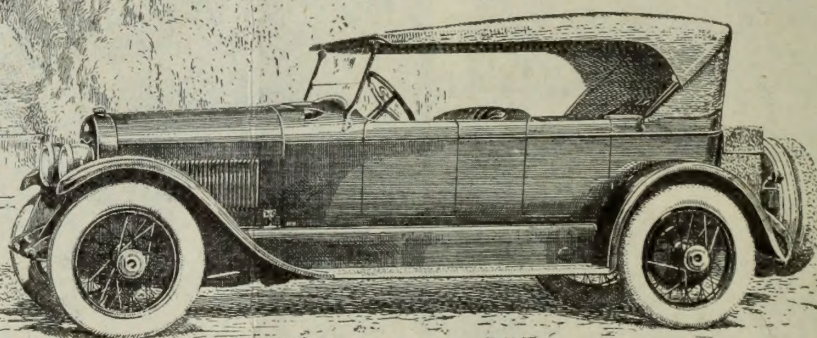
TO MAINTAIN LINCOLN REPUTE

More generous commendation has seldom been extended to a motor car than that evidenced in the readiness with which the Lincoln was accorded its place among the aristocracy of the automotive world.

Although one of the youngest of fine cars, it already has its traditions. The sound engineering embodied in its design—the faithful accuracy of its manufacture—the resultant faultless performance through many years of life—these have, from the very first, been unanimously granted it.

It is the fixed determination of the vast organization now sponsoring the Lincoln that nothing in manufacturing practice or in sales and service policy shall be permitted to detract for one moment from this high standing in public esteem.

LINCOLN MOTOR DIVISION
FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
FORD, ONTARIO



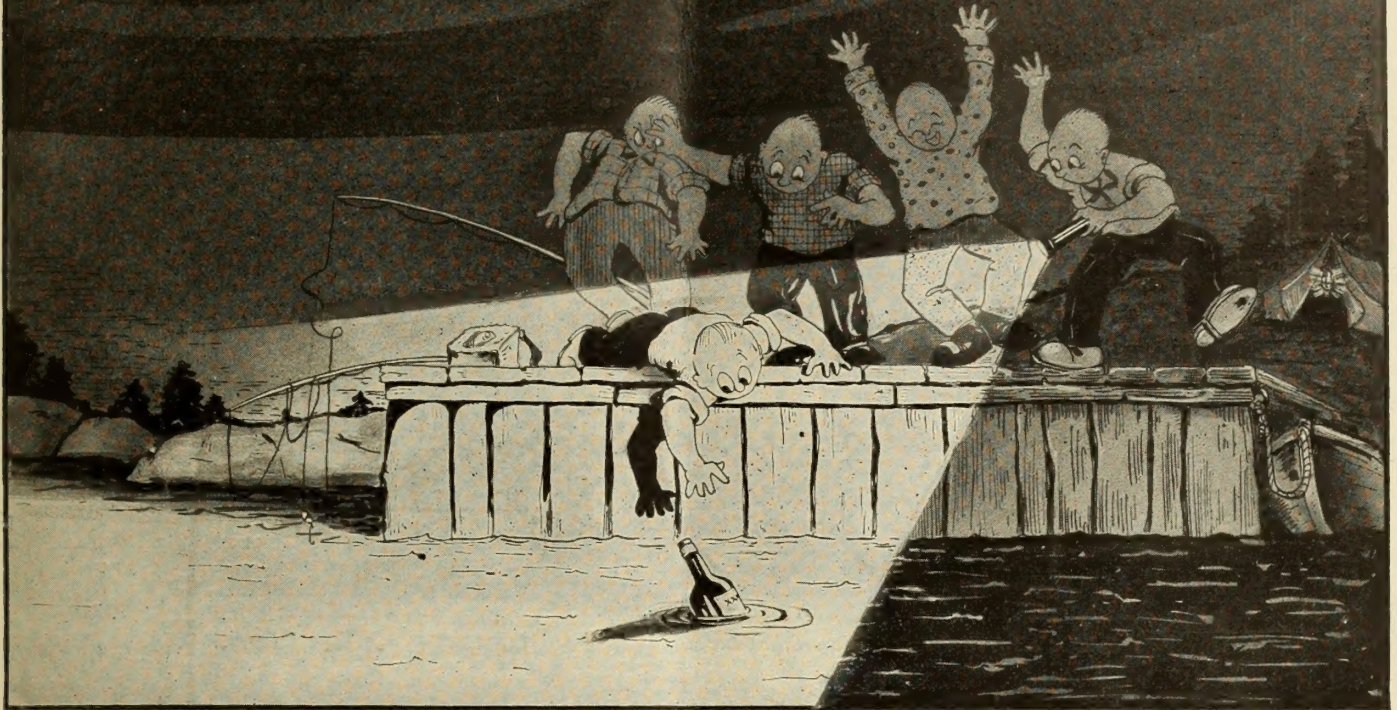
The Four Passenger Phaeton

L I N C O L N



EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS

~for Safety's sake



INNOCENT AS A BABE

Judge: "Did you, or did you not, strangle this man to death?"

Sippy, the Sap: "Not guilty, your honor. In the scuffle he cut himself on the chin, and I wrapped a tourniquet around his throat to keep him from bleeding to death."

—Sun Dodger.

G—G—G

UNDESIRABLES

A wan looking cockney entered the canine emporium and approached the dealer.

"Hi wants a dog about so 'igh an' so long," he began.

"What kind?" queried the dog dealer.

"Hits a kind of grey'ound," responded the cockney.

"Quite so."

"An' yet it ain't a grey'ound," continued the customer, "becos 'is tyle is shorter nor any o' these 'ere grey'ounds."

"I see, continue."

"An' 'is nose is shorter."

"Well?" queried the dealer.

"An' 'e ain't so slim about the body."

The dealer by this time had turned away.

"But, still, 'e's a kind of grey'ound," continued the cockney. "Do you keep sich dogs?"

"No, we don't," came back the short reply, "we drowns 'em."

—Voodoo.

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PELL ^{an} ARROW COLLAR

for spring ~ A low rolled front collar of very attractive appearance.

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Cluett, Peabody & Co., of Can. Limited

Winsome

Where Beauty Smiles and Wit Delights

There Miss Priscilla Dean moves with "the youth and freshness of a Grecian Queen," radiating gaiety and cheerfulness. How she preserves her complexion's radiant charm through her long and strenuous days of work is here disclosed in her own words:—

"I find 'Winsome' Toilet Soap excellent—Winsome in name and Winsome in deed. It is refreshing to use for Toilet and Bath after the day's work."

Sincerely yours,

Priscilla Dean

Winsome is the most delightful soap imaginable, and a beautiful skin will result from the following simple Winsome treatment. Make a lather in warm water with Winsome Soap, and massage every inch of the face and neck gently and thoroughly. Rinse carefully and dry with a soft towel. The daily practice of this Winsome treatment will make the skin naturally robust, and glowing with colour and beauty.

Sold at all good drug and department stores.

W13



Miss Priscilla Dean
Universal Star

VINOLIA COMPANY LIMITED
Soapmakers to H.M. The King
LONDON PARIS TORONTO

PURE JAEGER WOOL

FOR ALL OCCASIONS

For Men, Women and Children

SWEATERS
GOLF HOSE
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CAPS
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SCARVES

BATHING SUITS
HOSIERY
GLOVES
DRESSING GOWNS
UNDERWEAR
SLIPPERS

Blankets, Travelling or Motor Rugs, Sleeping Bags and numerous novelties of finest pure wool.

Catalogue mailed free upon application.

"The Jaeger Shops"

Retail Selling Agents

MILTON'S LIMITED

84 Yonge St.
At King

707 Yonge St.
At Bloor

As the Movie Titles Tell it

"Iceburg, a dimple on the smiling face of nature, where men are men, and women are angels."

"May I have just a wisp of your hair, either your own or some that you wear?"

"Always those eyes followed him, seeming to penetrate into his innermost soul. Then like the ringing of an alarm clock came the solution of the problem, brushing away the mists of doubt and showing the sunlight of truth."

Finale—"And so walked two spotless souls as one into the sunrise of their hopes."

G—G—G

—Lampoon.

During a year's run of a London musical comedy, 10,400 copies of the book of lyrics were sold in the theatre. The audiences were evidently determined to find out what were the words of the opening chorus.

—London Opinion.

G—G—G

When is a Reward not a Reward?

A portly woman of very elusive beauty was addressing a crowd on "Temperance Reform."

"My friends," she said, "I had a husband who was addicted to the bottle. He was a great trial to me, but one day I persuaded him to take the pledge. He did so, and my joy was so overwhelming, that I flung my arms around his neck and kissed him."

"And sarve 'im jolly well right, too!" added a voice from the crowd.

—Juggler.

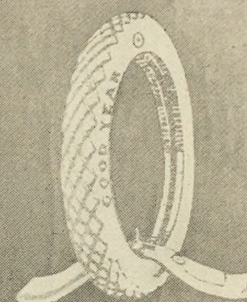
GOODYEAR

MADE IN CANADA

THE service of the Goodyear Selected Dealer is a real bonus to Goodyear users.

It insures your getting the right size and type of tire whenever you need it. It helps make tires go farther.

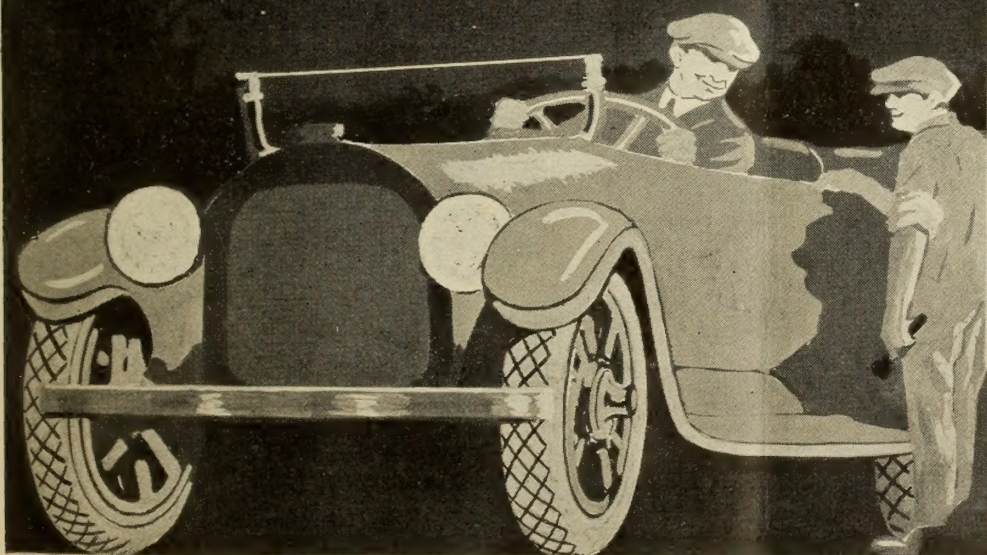
It costs you nothing because Goodyear Selected Dealers enjoy a volume of Goodyear business which pays them well.



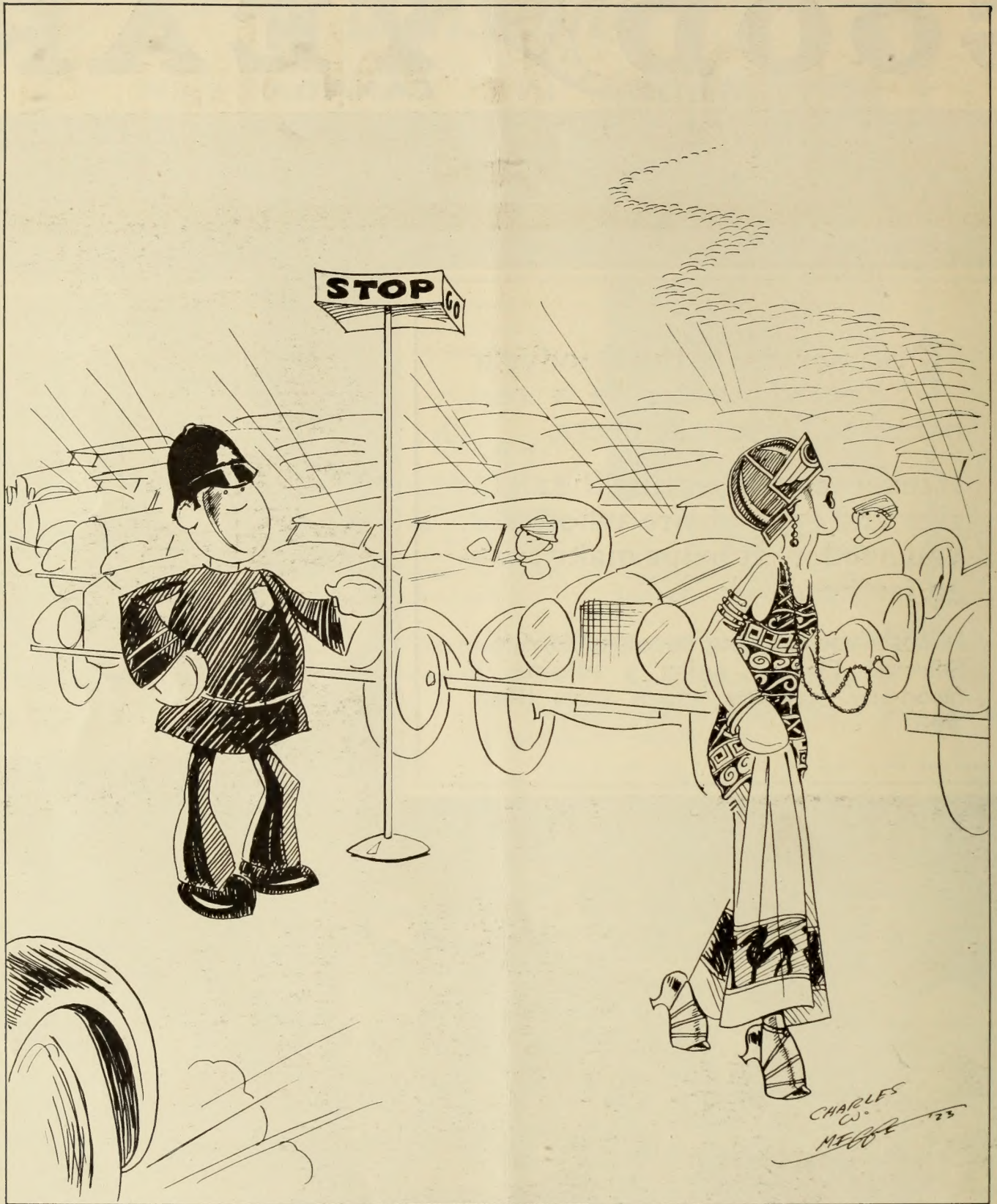
GOODYEAR
TIRES &
TUBES

SELECTED DEALER

FREE
AIR



Goodyear means Good Wear



Sheba Passes



The Negative Man

By P. W. Luce.

I am not of much account.

I have never been interviewed; I carry no life insurance.

I do not own an auto; I do not dislike cats; I have never promised to love, honor, and obey any woman; therefore I have no children; I pay no taxes, for I do not own a house; I belong to no church; I am not in debt; my name is missing in "Who's Who's" list; I have no ambition, no regrets for the things I have missed.

I have no reputation to live up to, no bad character to conceal; I have never joined the Elks; I do not start arguments over Einsteinian theories, nor do I clamor for shorter sessions of parliament.

I do not drink brandy, rum, gin, or home brew of any kind; I never refuse a glass of whisky; I know nothing of art; I have never been separated from my appendix; I do not smoke, nor do I chew gum or eat candy; I never write letters to the papers; I have no fads.

I do not play golf, nor have I ever lied about the big fish that got away; I have never been in love, and so naturally, have never written any poetry; I have never collected stamps; I have never bought oil stock, nor bought a correspondence course of lessons on scenario writing; I have never swatted flies in the spring, tra la!

I have never been in jail of my own free will; I have never rebuked Central for giving me the wrong number; I have never voted for the same political party twice in succession; I do not know the name of the president of Switzerland, nor have I ever been able to forget the name of the vice-president of the United States; I do not give a hoot whether the Prince of Wales gets married or becomes a professional jockey; I am a very, very Negative Man.

And so, Heaven be twice thanked, nobody shall ever watch my smoke, for I never shall have a campaign cigar named after me!

Ballade of Summer Resort Prospecti

Hotel Blank is as fine as you'd wish,
It will charm all your worries away.
At dawn you can paddle and fish.
Your breakfast is served on a tray.
In the morning to golf is au fait.
For the afternoon swimming is best.
Dance till twelve—then the ultimate hay.
....The terms will be sent on request.

On the crest of a hill situated,
Commanding a beautiful bay.
The sailing the highest is rated
The tennis is quite the same way.
Or, if you prefer not to play
And seek but seclusion and rest,
'Neath the trees you may snooze all the day.
....The terms will be sent on request.

Hotel Prospect's the best ever seen.
The guests are good-looking and gay.
The golf course is nearly all green.
No skeeters your rest can dismay.
You are urged to avoid all delay
To put its good points to the test.
Write for full information to-day.
....The terms will be sent on request.

O Prince, my suspicions allay,
For I fear there's some horrible jest
That the prospecti always should say,
"The terms will be sent on request."

G—G—G

Modern Version

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"Unto the bootlegger's, sir," she said,
"To get my mother a bottle of skey,
For Deacon Jones is coming to tea."

—R.C.R.

GOBLIN



Milly: "Harold proposed to me in a moving picture theatre."

Tilly: "Rather a leap in the dark, wasn't it?"

Theatrical

The poker game was in full blast,
 (Cornets, trombones, French horns crying)
 When on the table there was cast
 (Violins, oboes, cellos sighing)
 Four aces.

INTERMISSION—"Ceegars, chockluts,
 prize in every packitch."

As Cactus Ike raked in the money
 (Spotlights red, maroon and yellow)
 I rose and said, "Though it seems funny
 (Banjoes twang and trumpets bellow)
 Your crooked."

INTERMISSION—Mr. Pim passes out.

With gun in hand he asked me why
 (Hoofbeats, catcalls, fake cows bawling)
 I didn't give him no rep'y.
 (Yodel echoes, hailstones falling)
 I threw down five.

ASBESTOS CURTAIN.

And, Incidentally,

There was no doubt about it, the wedding had been a complete and unqualified success. The champagne had been excellent and plentiful. Beecham Carter, the best man, had been in exceptional form. He had done a dance of Spring with the buxom matron of honour; he had juggled three champagne glasses at once; he had told several brand new stories. The bridesmaids had been without exception beautiful. The orchestra for the subsequent dance had been an imported one. The violinist gave an imitation of a crab with St. Vitus' Dance. The minister, after reciting a few amusing reminiscences about the bridegroom's childhood, had left early. The bridegroom's father had ruined his silk hat. Harriet Sherman, as usual, had slid down the bannister. The bride's brother had assured the guests that it was a "Mem'rabl' occasion." The people next door had telephoned at four A.M. and threatened to complain to the police,—and, incidentally, the bride and the bridegroom were joined in holy matrimony.

G—G—G



• STILL LIFE •

More Submitted Epitaphs

GOBLIN, for the convenience of its readers, conducts a free epitaph service. Permission for the use of any of the following on grave stones will be granted upon application to the Department of Epitaphs and Community Uplift, care of this magazine:

1.

Stranger! Pause to pray for
Lunetta.
She et a
June oyster.
Help hoist her

To an, in other respects, well-earned heavenly home.

2.

Here lies Archibald McBanger
Who'd never heard of Margaret Sanger,
He died at the age of eighty-four,
His grand-children equalled his age (perhaps more).

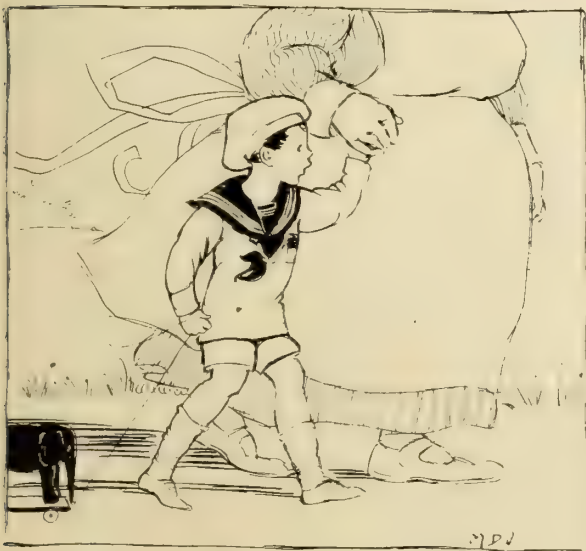
3.

George H. Smithers thought that he
Could light the fire easily,
Took some gasoline from his liz
And—Oh, well, that's all. Here he is.

4.

Here lies Arthur Arnott Clark
Who followed all the laws of Moses.
If friends he lacked it was because
He'd never heard of halitosis.

G—G—G



"Johnny, can you tell me which is the longest day in summer?"
"Sure, Sunday."



"I have just come from Signor Bambino's where he played me a beautiful Italian march."

"What was the name of it?"

"I think it was called 'The March of the Men of Garlic'."

"The authorities are trying to locate the source of the pork which was served recently in several New York restaurants, causing many cases of poisoning."

—News Item.

Another poison pen mystery.



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James A. Cowan, *Editor-in-Chief.*Keith Crombie, *Managing Editor.*J. E. Macdougall, *Associate Editor.*E. B. Harshaw, *Business Manager.*Clarke G. Ashworth, *Chairman Board of Directors.*

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Giving Them The Golden Gate

"I want to read the constitution of the United States," said Upton Sinclair to the gathering. "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof or abridging the freedom of speech."

"You are under arrest," said an officer in the crowd.

"Thank you," said Sinclair.

"Friends," said a second speaker, "I want to read you something from the Declaration of Independence."

"You are under arrest," said a second officer.

"Thanks," replied the speaker.

"We did not come here to incite to violence," commenced a third man.

"You are under arrest," said a third policeman.

"I thank you," he replied.

"Friends," said a young man stepping forward, "I think this will be a very pleasant evening and I think you will be interested to see how it turns out."

"Are you trying to make a speech?" asked the inspector in charge of the police squad.

"Of course I am."

"Then you are under arrest."

This is an accurate description of the steps taken by the State of California, United States of America, to stamp out radical sentiment within its borders. A round-up of all those believed to be reds was carried out and 300 men and women successfully arrested, among whom were the four mentioned above.

We are not attempting to discuss radical sentiments or express any sentiments about bolshevism. We simply reprint the above as an interesting bit of miscellaneous information.

Once upon a time there was a man who decided to make some home-brew beer. He was fully aware that an overwhelming amount even of home-brew beer would create an alarming condition of unrest in his body, mind and spirit. He was firmly convinced, nevertheless, that there was room in his little world for a certain

amount of the product and even went so far as to say that he thought personally it was as necessary as a variety of other things to eat or drink that the grocer's third assistant brought around daily.

So he studied the recipe, made his idea of something with a kick in it, kept it carefully hidden away in a dark part of the cellar with a tin lid clamped on it and awaited developments.

But a friend of his dropped in one night to borrow his lawn mower and said to him, "Do you know, old man, that you are sheltering a very dangerous thing in your cellar. It is likely to blow that tin lid off at any time and ruin the whitewash on the ceiling, not to mention the fact that it will probably stain the furnace pipes. However, if you wish it, I will take measures that will prevent such an outbreak."

And as the man had to go out just fifteen minutes later to play crokinole with three of his wife's cousins who had just arrived from Yorkton, Saskatchewan, he agreed.

So the friend went downstairs and placed on top of the pail with the tin lid, a box containing exactly 93 sticks of dynamite which he had found one day during a walk through Mount Pleasant cemetery and which he happened to be carrying at the time.

Once upon a second time there was another man who told a joke. "It is a good thing," he said, "that the Statue of Liberty never looks behind itself."

This, however, is a joke that no Canadian should ever repeat unless he heartily supports in every particular every Liberal and Conservative government that has ever been in power or else is a first year university student specializing in history and world politics.



Potage Canadien

Educational

In the education of the modern child in the early stages of development a great deal of time and effort is wasted. Countless hours are expended in the asking and teaching the answers to such questions as the following:

Q. "What does the cow say?"

A. "Moo-Moo!"

The answers to these questions, while no doubt valuable and worthy of committing to memory, would be as easily assimilated later by the infant without pedagogic assistance. Great benefit might be derived, however, from a somewhat similar course in General Information. The questions might read as follows:

What Says:

"Any one of these volumes is well worth the price of the set. All beautifully printed, bound and delivered to your home for the price of . . . ?"

"Got a neat tip on the third race, in case you were interested. . . . ?"

"Mr. Mumphenphunfph, as one of our leading citizens, we have chosen you to head our subscription list for the fund to ?"

"Gentlemen, I believe that what this country needs is a combination of honest and efficient leadership together with an intelligent and democratic populace. When I get to Ottawa ?"

"Twelve dollars a quart. . . . ?"

The only apparent draw-back is that, while the prospect of growing up in a musical world where cats meowed and dogs woof-woofed in close harmony would doubtless encourage the young idea to advance, the second prospect might have in a few cases a discouraging effect.

G—G—G

The Aesthetic

Few popular credences have become so erroneous as that which holds that true talent must appear in an aesthetic form. Among the present day leaders in thought and literature who

Triplet

By Ron. Everson

Good-bye, Georgette,
You kiss too well;
Too practised pet,
Good-bye, Georgette—
So sweet—and yet
Those kisses tell—
Good-bye, Georgette,
You kiss too well.

look less like artists than men of the world are: John Drinkwater, John Galsworthy, Sinclair Lewis, Rudyard Kipling, Amy Lowell, Heywood Broun, H. L. Mencken, Booth Tarkington, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Irvin S. Cobb, Somerset Maugham, Christopher Morley, Sherwood Anderson. The list could go on.

We venture to say that there are more aesthetic profiles among the waiters of any large hotel than in the gallery of poets of this continent or England.

G—G—G

Improved Eugenics

There is a section of ecclesiastical law with which we are all more or less familiar. It reads somewhat like this:

"A man may not marry his grandmother,

"A man may not marry his father's sister," etc.

For average purposes it is practically useless. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it could be amended to read:

"A man *will not* marry his grandmother," etc.

A few useful additions should be well taken to heart. If they were made law it would be wisdom. To wit:

"A man may not marry the girl who forbids him to telephone her before noon.

"A man may not marry the maiden who sympathises with him when he quarrels with his sweetheart.

"A man may not marry the maiden who says she likes him 'because he is so different!'

"A man may not marry the girl who asks to drive the car.

"A man cannot afford to marry the lass who smokes his cigarettes.

"A man is strongly advised against marrying a marathon dancer."

G—G—G

Consistency (1)

At 2.55 p.m. on the afternoon of Wednesday, May 23, one Eddie Onslow of the Toronto Leafs stopped a sporting writer and offered to do a wide variety of nasty things because it had been said that the aforesaid sporting writer had criticised his ability as a manager of baseball teams.

At 4.10 p.m. on the afternoon of Wednesday, May 23, one Eddie Onslow of the Toronto Leafs stopped the game for two and one-half minutes while he forcibly criticised the ability of the umpire to judge when a man was out off third.

G—G—G

Consistency (2)

The law abiding citizen of the early prohibition period will stand out in future centuries as one of the most amazing products of what silver-collection orators are pleased to call our decadent twentieth century civilization. What queer vagary of the human mind makes a man rush out of the bootlegger's back parlor leaving a glass of beer half-finished on the oil cloth covered table because he forgot to light the lights on his car and may infringe the traffic regulations?

G—G—G

Aphoristic

We list below the two most popular wise-cracks about women still current during May, 1923:

1. A man can never understand a woman. "He can never completely fathom her mind.

2. Most women are dumb and brainless.



Sad Thoughts on Literature

("Elinor Glyn says, 'Thousands who don't dream they can write really can'!"—Advertisement of the Authors' Press).

Oft like a wand'ring, wakeful ghost,
In the tenebrous heart of the night,
I ponder the thought of the slumb'ring host
Who never dream they can write.

As gems that lie hid on the ocean floor,
That never the world shall see,
Are the multiple manuscripts, novels galore,
Dismally doomed not to be.

O Pedlar that passes with whiskered cheeks,
There is grief in your venerable locks,
Who knows but you might have conceived "Three
Weeks"
Or, better, "Beyond the Rocks!"

O Butchers, O Bakers, O Candlestick-makers,
O Chefs and Street-cleaners in white,
O Quakers, O Shakers, O grim Undertakers,
Awake! To your pens! You can write!

O sad is the thought of the millions who rest
Who never have penned an effusion.
Each one at his best might be Edgar A. Guest,
Or the author of plots Rupert-Hughesian!

But sadder than thoughts of the dreamless throng,
Who never shall raise their chant,
Is the thought of the mob, whose hair is long,
Who dream that they can—but can't!

G—G—G

The Deductive Method

L'institutrice—(Lesson on The Lazy Frog.)—What was the frog waiting for?

Garcon—A fly.

L'institutrice—Where was he going to get it?

Garcon—From Providence.

L'institutrice—What do you mean by Providence?

Garcon—Providence is where the flies go in the winter time.



She (telling a story): "—and then Eddie burst into song."

The Goof: "Eddie would have to burst in. He certainly could never find the key."

Smirk: How much are these suspenders?

Clerk: Four dollars.

Smirk: That's a hold-up.

Clerk: That's what we sell them for.

G—G—G

We rise to warble a hymn of praise to the compositor on a small Canadian weekly who recently ran a story headed, "Unrest in India" beside a "Keating's Kills" ad.



Radio Corner

Q. I picked up an unknown station last night. Is there any way of identifying it?

A. The Canadian National Railways' timetable contains an unusually good list of unknown stations. If you can get no clue there, try the Lost and Found columns.

Q. Last night on a salted peanut tube set, I heard the following selections:

1. Look for the Silver Lining.
2. Hail, hail, the gang's all here.
3. A varied program of mammy songs and southern medleys.

Q. Do you know the broadcasting stations?

- A. 1. The United Woollen Mills—COD.
 2. Montreal—60 OP.
 3. Annual re-union of the Hebrew Choral Society of Youngstown, broadcasted by KKK.

Q. What do you recommend as the simplest and most efficient hook-up?

A. A safety pin.

Q. I have been using a self-starting, six-cylinder Hipptengehopptheimer triple-expansion hand-painted set capable of 8,000 r.p.m., operating at a loss with both d.c. and a.c. generators on the Keith circuit and equipped with 1,000 watt Kliegl spots, automatic hay baler, punctureless tubes, Timken axles, brass knuckles and two pair of pants. After testing it with a trip hammer, I found that I had not made sufficient allowance for wind and installed a storm cellar. Nevertheless, the variable condenser still shows a tendency to shell the peanut tube which has a very adverse effect on the birth rate under present weather conditions. What can I do so that I will be sure of getting the Ontario election results?

A. Set fire to your house and buy a morning paper.

G—G—G

Neighborhood Conversation

"Mr. Blimp, your garden is a shame and a disgrace to a decent community."

"If it wasn't that you're a third cousin of my wife's and a life-long neighbor, Mr. Blamp, I would kick out your teeth. It's nothing of the kind."

"Far be it from me to discredit any of your statements, but I can easily prove it if you'll come and look at what my hens have done to it."



W.L.J.

**Oswald's Large Checks Attracted
Considerable Notice**

Somewhere a Voice

Somewhere a voice

Is calling.

Plaintively, from among Corinthian pillars,

Its cadences flow.

Distantly, down labyrinthine corridors,

It wanders.

Sometimes, by chance assuming force,

It strikes

Against a reverberate dome.

Somewhere a voice

Is calling,

"Mister Co-hen, Mister Gal-lagher, Mister Gold-stein."

G—G—G

Sometimes when a man tells you that he can see both sides of a certain question, it only means that he is two-faced.



A Modern Serenade



One thought pursues me though I roam from Nome
to the Bahamas.

I love you, Three Star Angel Child. Thou art the
cat's pajamas.

Oh Heavenly Her! Shiek-weary She! Awaken from
your boredom!

I'd court you in royal robes and jewels except I can't
afford 'em.

The gang call me the Lenin Kid. It is a name that
fits me.

I'm tough and red and radical. Oh! sweetheart do not
ritz me.

I've met six of your suitors now and separately have
licked 'em.

E'en if another one should come, he'll be my Bolshe-
victim.

Oh marry me and we will spend our honeymoon in Blighty.
You will? Then to my roadster quick, my shock-
haired Aphrodite.

COME Forth, my bimbo,
Ope thy pane.
I can no longer
Bear this strain.

I lamped, I met, I loved you wymph, (O harken to
my fustian!)

Love blew me up. I mean 'twas in-stantaneous com-
bustion.

I'd never fussed the frails. I was a gay and thought-
less lamb.

For love and me were strangers till you passed this
way, then—za-a-a-m!

The pash eye, I had ne'er vouchsafed to maid, or wife,
or widow.

But when you scorched my orbs I knew I'd met my
heartbreak kiddo.

Alas, alack, I sport no more as merry as a porpoise.
For Melancholy's served on me a writ of habeas
corpus.



Plum Pudding

A Horse Story For Grown-ups

ORDINARILY, I should never have gone. I had been to the races twice before and had come to the conclusion that I was afflicted with a congenital inability to pick winners. I had, as it were, no "horse sense."

However, I lunched with Arthur. Arthur is a wonderful man. He knows all about horses, and why some win while others don't. I even suspect that he understands the figures in the Racing Form. Certainly he would have made a lot of money at the races (he has confided in me) had it not been that so often after actually picking the winner beforehand he has, at the last moment, "switched" and bet on the wrong horse.

Yes, Arthur knows all about horses, and when he suggested, after lunch, that we should go out to the track, I felt that it was a chance not to be missed.

We arrived in time for the second race.

"I have a tip on this one," said Arthur. "Give me a five and I'll see if we can't make it into a twenty for you."

I handed over the money gladly. In a few minutes he was back with a ticket.

"Here you are," he said, "it's on 'Sweet Aniline.'" I put twenty on it myself. That baby's bound to win."

After the race, while we were tearing up our tickets, Arthur explained to me just why Sweet Aniline had not won. I must say that I found his explanations rather confusing, but then, of course, I know nothing about horse-racing. It appeared to be chiefly the fault of the jockey who had allowed his mount to be left, I think, at the post-office. That did seem rather careless.

"Never mind," said Arthur, with a knowing smile, "I have a sure winner this time."

"Should I bet on it?" I asked, eagerly. "What is its name?"

"Polly's Pet," replied Arthur, confidentially. "Stick another five right on its nose."

There is no doubt about it that Polly's Pet ran a fine race. It led nearly all the way around but unfortunately, and, I am sure, through no fault of its own, it was crowded out at the last turn and, after all, failed to win.

Arthur laughed.

"That's nothing," he said. "We'll recoup on the next. 'Lady Luck' is billed to come in first and pay a sweet price."

"Lady Luck" ran sixth.

I am ashamed to say so, but I must confess that by this time my confidence in Arthur was beginning, just the tiniest bit, to waver. Consequently, when he told me that a horse named "Plum Pudding" was "the big bet in this race," it was with no small amount of trepidation that I approached the wicket and produced another five dollars for a ticket on the animal.

It was just as I was walking away, looking at the ticket, with, I imagine, a rather melancholy expression, that the negro approached me. He had obviously singled me out from amongst the throng and he now addressed me with a respectful air.

"Boss," he said, "m' ask what yo' is betting this time?"

I was pleased that the savage, conscious of his racial inferiority, should have chosen me from whom to ask advice and I was glad of the opportunity to indicate to him how to

wager his few dollars most advantageously.

"Five on 'Plum Pudding,'" I replied, condescendingly.

The negro looked pained. I could see that there was something he wanted to tell me and so, when he went around a corner and beckoned, I followed at once. The poor chap had taken quite a fancy to me.

"Boss," he said, earnestly, "that hoss ain't a chance. Ah knows, cause Ah knows what hoss is goin' to win this race. Yo' might just as well teah up yo' ticket."

"Who is going to win?" I asked, curiously.

"Ah'll tell yo'," he replied, "per-vided yo'll give me a five to bet on it mahself. Ah'm clean broke."

I considered. It would be great fun to have the winner when Arthur didn't and, besides, if the negro's horse did come first I would win much more than the five dollars I would have given him.

"Are you positive you know the winner?" I asked.

"Sartain sure," he responded. "Ah'll tell yo' what. Ah knows wheah Ah kin trade in that ticket yo' have on 'Plum Pudding' foah what Ah want so Ah'll take it instead of the five."

That clinched the bargain. I handed over my ticket and he gave me the name of the horse, which was "Thumb Tack."

After wagering all my remaining capital on "Thumb Tack" I sought Arthur in the grand stand, but decided as yet, to say nothing about the incident so that I might surprise him after the race was over by producing tickets on the winner.

(Continued on page 26)

GOBLIN

Explanation

The Recording Angel was taking down the answers to the questionnaire submitted to all candidates for Heaven. He looked up.

"No, 79,705,410, Simeon Briggs, come here a minute," he said.

"Yes, sir," replied the latter.

"Yesterday, Mr. Briggs," the Recording Angel frowned, "you told me that you believed the gold harp industry should be left in the hands of private individuals. In your set of answers now before me I note that you state your preference for making the industry a public utility. How does it happen, Mr. Briggs, that you can hold two entirely different opinions about the same subject?"

"Well, you see," stammered the other, "er—the fact of the matter is, while on Earth I was an—er—Canadian provincial politician."

"Oh, in *that* case——" responded the Recording Angel, and returned to his work.

G—G—G

We very seldom find such honesty as that shown by Isadore Goldstein, a western merchant, in the display window on his Men's Furnishings store. The sign reads thus:

"Special Sale of Men's Shirts, 50c. each. They will not last long at this price."



"I hear Jean refused Donald."

"Yes, but Jean is an excellent photographer."

"What has that to do with it?"

"She knows how to retouch her negatives."

A man who is the father of eleven children is not likely to make much of a fuss about celebrating the Glorious Twelfth.

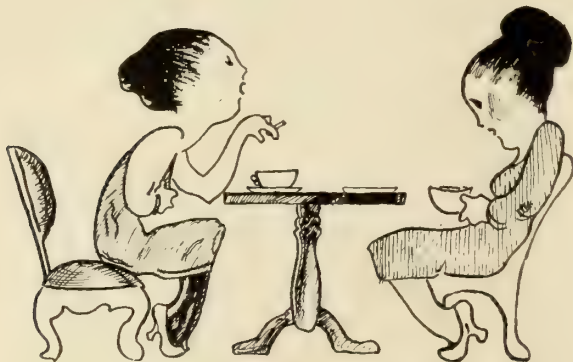
G—G—G

Moralizing of the *Pater Familias* after the family has been outfitted for the summer: "Clothes break the man!"

G—G—G

Lines From an Unknown Diary

Tuesday—I feel that I shall have to give up my art though I am passionately fond of it. It tortures my very soul to even think so but I can see no other course. Much as I would suffer in the cause of art, there are other things to be considered. It is too hard on the feet. We Grecian dancers—



"Necessity is the mother of Invention."

"Why not the mother-in-law?"

"Necessity knows no law."

The Visiting Celebrity

A Monologue

Cast of Characters:

The Jolly Hostess
The Visiting Celebrity
The Dismal Host
The Man-Who-Knows-All-The Waiters
The Girl-With-The-Crush
The Girl-With-The-Glasses
The Eligible Young Man
The Man-Invited-At-The-Last-Minute

(*The dinner at a fashionable hotel is given in honour of The Visiting Celebrity. Time: 8 p.m. Costumes: Evening dress (with the exception of The Man-Invited-At-The-Last-Minute who wears a grey check suit and a sport tie). The Hostess (She weighs about twenty stone. She talks incessantly, using the passage of her fork or spoon to her mouth for punctuation):*

"Well, now, everybody, I do hope it's going to be nice; we used to have such lovely dinners at the dear Cecil and in Paris but here, I always say, you never can tell, can you? Madam Faymuz, you must sit on my right, yes indeed, my dear, remember, this is to be *your* night, your *special* night! We are all here just to hear you talk. You know, we have all heard how witty, you are, haven't we everybody?"

(*There is a community gurgle by everybody).*

"... Agnes, dear, you sit here, Dorothy, over there, Horace, can I trust you not to hold hands with Agnes? There we are! Is everybody happy?"

(*The community re-gurgle. All are seated. The Girl-With-The-Crush is discomfited because the Girl-With-The-Glasses is nearer to the Celebrity. She ponders the possibility of slipping her Memory Book under the table to be autographed. The Young Man hopes the Celebrity will choke over her fish. The Girl-With-The-Glasses retires behind them. The Man-Invited-At-The-Last-Minute looks uncomfortable.*

The Man-Who-Knows-All-The-Waiters has already winked at "George," a waiter near the door, and thus brightened the prospects for the Dismal Host. The Celebrity looks painfully interested. The Hostess grins).

The Jolly Hostess: "Yes,—yes, indeed, when we heard Mme. Faymuz was in town you can imagine our excitement! I said at once to Harvey, I said, 'Harvey, I'll simply *perish* if we don't have her to dinner at least once!' And Harvey said, 'Why, nonsense! She'll never come.' But I knew you couldn't be as heartless as that, no indeed, you couldn't! And then, it was such a stroke of luck that I ran into you at the club. And indeed, it was very gracious of you to come after all—"

The Visiting Celebrity: "Why, really—"

The Jolly Hostess: "There now! I



"Are you going to the dance to-night?"

"Yes."

"Taking anything on your hip?"

"Oh, just a little hop-Scotch."

know you are going to say 'Not at all!' But you really are. You well-known people haven't any idea what a thrill it is to us to have the opportunity of hearing clever people talk. It makes us feel so—so provincial, don't you know. Why, it doesn't seem any time since we had Benzini Staccato here, and, of course she just kept us in *gales* of laughter,—and so beautiful, and so clever! Really we shall never forget her visit,—that is to say, we *would* never have forgotten her visit if you had not come, Mme. Faymuz, naturally, naturally! We are all dying to hear what you think of Canada. Mme. Staccato said she thought it was 'Just Lovely,' which I think sums it up pretty well. She said she would never forget her visit. I always think visitors' impressions of a country are so interesting, especially if they are famous, don't you? I know, when I was in Paris people kept asking me what I thought of it. Of course I didn't know any French but a friend of mine whom I met there said to say, *effroyable*, but the French are so funny, though I said it in my sweetest voice they all seemed to be offended. I dare say my pronunciation was poor. But I was rather disappointed with Paris, the Parisian milliners...."

The Curtain is lowered to denote the passage of one hour.

".....And Harvey said, 'Goodness, Myra, you wouldn't be seen in *that* sort of a gown!' And I said, 'Who wouldn't?'"

A feeble gurgle arises from the table—and under it.

The Jolly Hostess: "What, is it as late as that! We're so sorry you have to leave so soon after dinner, Mme. Faymuz! I'm sure we shall always look back with pleasure on this delightful evening you have given us! (*Aside and sotto voce*) Harvey, for Heaven's sake, wake up!"

Curtain



Economy in the Home

A Domestic Tragedy Showing That Sometimes a Dollar Saved is a Dollar Burned

"PIKER!" said Rosalind. "You weren't serious when you talked about saving. You've bought two cigars for a quarter again and you know as well as I do that you won't be ready to smoke the second until it's too dry and crumpled to be any good!"

"Forget it!" I suggested. "What is a dime to the illusion of practising an economy?"

But Rosalind had only begun. She got out a pad and pencil.

"You waste about thirty cents a day in things like that," she said. "If you put by that thirty cents every day in less than a year you'd have over a hundred dollars. For a hundred dollars I could get a very nice dress."

"What about yourself?" I countered. "Yesterday you bought two motion picture magazines. The day before you bought your tickets for the matinee from a speculator instead of from the box office. Every day you probably waste enough to keep a Chinese orphan or to pay the instalments on a grand piano."

"Very well, then," said Rosalind, "let's both save. To-morrow I'm going to buy a toy savings bank with a slot in the top for each of us."

As this looked like a convenient ending to the matter I let it drop there.

It was not the end. The next evening at dinner in front of my place and Rosalind's were beautiful toy

banks. Mine was a grotesque china figure. You dropped the coins into his upturned mouth. Rosalind's was somewhat more technical. It was made of metal and represented a cathedral. When a coin was inserted through the roof a music box inside struck out chimes melodiously. It cost me thirty cents right at the start to hear them. The whole idea seemed more attractive; I became infected with some of Rosalind's enthusiasm.

"There will be a prize," said Rosalind, "of one dollar to the one who fills his first."

It was the following Saturday that I rushed in to Rosalind.

"There's a taxi driver outside," I said, "who insists on having a dollar twenty. I didn't get to the bank today before closing time. Have you a dollar twenty?"

Rosalind had not.

"In that case," said I, "we can get it from our savings banks."

"No you don't!" said Rosalind, with a firmness I had once admired. "Neither of those banks are full yet and therefore not to be opened!"

"Nonsense!" I cried. "There's a meter outside ticking up dimes at a terrible rate."

"Why didn't you provide for that?"

"Give me that silly bank!"

"Never! Why don't you take the taxi down to your club? You can probably borrow some money there."

Rosalind was adamant. I drove to the club. The secretary was obliging.

It was about a week later that I noticed that I never seemed to have any change in my pockets. I complained to Rosalind.

"Well," she admitted, "you don't really miss it, and as you never seem inclined to put it in your bank, I usually slip any small change you leave into mine."

The chimes of Rosalind's bank became to me even as the bell of my alarm clock. For a while the banks menace threatened to disrupt our otherwise peaceful relations. Then a fortunate thing occurred. Rosalind forgot all about them.

A month later I broke them open and compiled the following balance sheet:

Contents of my bank	\$0.15
Contents of Rosalind's bank ..	1.95
Total assets	2.10
Cost of my bank	\$0.45
Cost of Rosalind's bank	1.25
Cost of taxi to club	.80
Prize claimed by Rosalind ...	1.00
Total	\$3.50
Net loss	\$1.40

With a free conscience I now buy two for a quarter cigars and Rosalind, I am afraid, still buys her theatre tickets from speculators.

Since Sweden has decided to stay wet, why not drop the first two letters?

G—G—G

Employer: "I hear you were away ill yesterday, Snooks."

Snooks: "Yes, sir."

Employer: "You didn't look very ill when I saw you at the races in the afternoon."

Snooks: "Didn't I, sir? You should have seen me after the finish of the third race."

Barber—"Shall I go over it again?"

Victim—"No. I heard it all the first time."

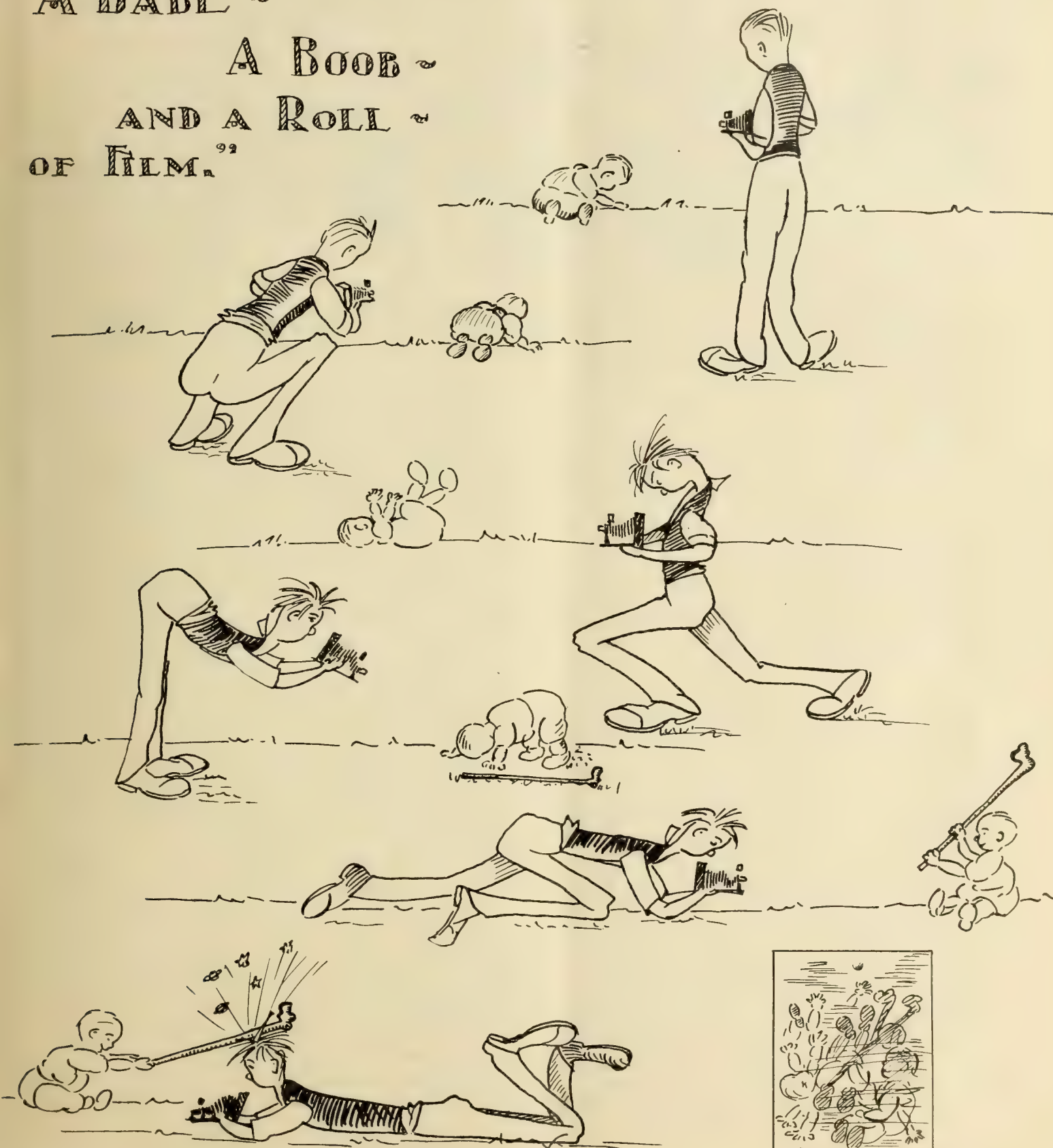
G—G—G

Molly—I was very much embarrassed in church last Sunday.

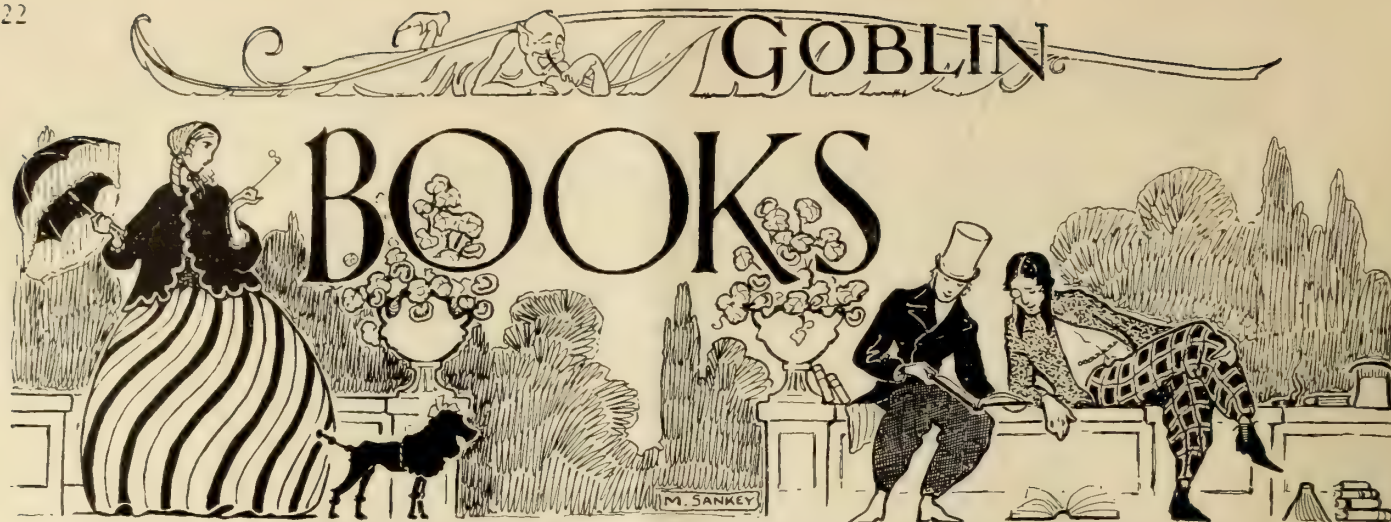
Dolly—Do tell.

Molly—I went with Tom. The pastor read four chapters from the Acts of the Apostles, and Tom got up and went out between each act.

“A BABE ~
A BOOB ~
AND A ROLL ~
OF FILM.”



THE RESULT.



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BLACKGUARD. By Maxwell Bodenheim. Chicago: Covici-McGee. \$2.00.

"Blackguard" is a novel written by a poet. Whatever you may think of it as a story, it is worth attention as a curiosity. The language in which it is executed is highly imaginative, slightly rhetorical and, at times, grotesque. Occasionally striking phrases of rare brilliance appear out of the melange of phraseology with which the theme of the story is bedecked. For instance, the following: "Sunlight ignored the glossy chastities of furniture and dull yellow walls, and looked intently at the bed standing in one corner of the room." "Blackguard" is not a pretty story. The central character, Carl Felman, is a neurotic weakling struggling to find his niche in the world. The unusual solution to his difficulties, which he discovers, seems, to our mind, to be simply and plainly absurd. However, *chacun à son goût*.

THE VOICE FROM THE VOID. *The Great Winter's Mystery.* By William LeQueue. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, Publishers.

The mystery story reading public has apparently said, "Daddy, do it again," to William LeQueue and "The Voice From the Void" is the result. In it Mr. LeQueue has seen fit to become thoroughly up-to-date and the tale concerns itself with radio and listening in on the messages of international crooks. The scene is laid in England, and the usual love story is carried through the adventuresome plot. The beautiful and charming Edna Manners is found apparently dead! How? Why? Excitement served in a little less usual manner.

FAINT PERFUME. By Zona Gale. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, Publishers. \$1.75.

Zona Gale has floated into prominence on such an impressive tide of critical approbation that it is disappointing to find oneself just the slightest bit bored here and there among the pages of this excellent long short-story. Everyone knows about Main Street, just as everyone knows about the Yellow Peril and

the twice-frozen-ice-cream menace. Sinclair Lewis showed us and, beyond making a few hypocrites here and there, it is doubtful if much real benefit came from the exposure. Zona Gale shows us the ugliness—and the cruelty of this middle class institution. The technique of the novel is delightful, the situations are convincing but, after all, one feels a little bit inclined to say, "Aw let the Crumb family alone!" A little more philosophy on the part of Leda might have eased the tension. It is, nevertheless, a strong novel and a convincing one. Read it, and if you don't get a bad attack of *Commonplace-phobia* you had better move to Prospect or Zenith and join a boosting club.

A WOMAN TENDERFOOT IN EGYPT. By Grace Thompson Seton. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, Publishers. \$3.00.

A thoroughly modern account of many things seen and heard in Egypt. The chapters on the "New Woman" movement are especially enlightening. The progress of civilization in the cities and the intransience of the primitive mode of life out of the cities is noted. The reader is introduced to several notable figures, including many leaders among the women, Field Marshal Viscount Allenby and the Queen of Egypt.

Then, suddenly one's attention is shifted to the past and strange rites are recalled and imagined among the ruined temples of the River-That-Flows-Upstream.

We were most intrigued by the vivid account of Bedouin life seen and noted in trips by caravan through the desert vastness.

Grace Thompson Seton shows Egypt to-day to be a strange mixture of the past and the present, which will only be fittingly symbolized when some genius opens an Eskimo Pie booth at the ancient feet of the Sphinx.

THE TREE OF THE GARDEN. By Edward C. Booth. Toronto: George J. McLeod, Ltd., Publishers.

Quietly and persuasively present in the assemblage of later novels, like a recently executed portrait of the past president

hung among the paintings of a modern art academy, exuding an atmosphere of reminiscent dignity while at the same time paying tribute to contemporary technique, we find "The Tree of the Garden," by Edward C. Booth. That is a particularly ponderous and long-winded way to find anything, and it may be true that devotees of the modern novel will qualify many passages—long descriptive passages—found in "The Tree of the Garden" with the same attributes.

"The Tree of the Garden" is not a modern novel in any sense of the word save that of its publication date. It comes laden rather with excellent writing than burning with some new and wholly surprising message.

Its romanticism, somewhat archaic in this day, is delightfully refreshing. Its realism bears nothing of the stark quality of Sinclair Lewis but is of so sympathetic a variety as to clothe the naked fact with a tacit picturesqueness which we have long suspected it to possess.

The youth, Guy Openshaw, the all-too-carefully reared son of a devoted mother, falls in love with the country lass, Thursday Hardrip, whose nurturing has been left almost entirely to Mother Nature by a drunken grandparent. There! We have discouraged nine out of ten prospective readers by the above disclosure. To those thus frightened away, we hasten to say that the prospect sounded dull to ourselves at first but that by dint of delving well within the pages we found a story that for itself is both interesting and gripping.

But it is not in the plot, perhaps, that the greatest charm lies. The lives of the characters blend easily with the heavily emphasized natural background. We venture a nascent reputation upon the assertion that "The Tree of the Garden" is the best-written novel that has come into our hands since the first of the year.

G—G—G

WEST OF THE WATER TOWER, Anonymous, New York, Harper and Brothers, Publishers.

Harry Leon Wilson, in an enthusiastic blurb which he wrote for the jacket of this anonymous novel, intimated in no uncertain fashion that he was envious of the superior ability of the author. Personally, we should say that this constitutes an excellent argument for the assertion that Mr. Wilson is a very modest man. For entertaining qualities, for construction and for real worth we should place his own "Ruggles of Red Gap," "Merton of the Movies," or even his "Bunker Bean" far ahead of the work over which he becomes so enthusiastic.

"West of the Water Tower" contains all the elements of the old-fashioned, melo-dramatic back-country novel sloshed over with a coat of drab grey and thereby transformed into a modern "main-street" type of work.

From the fact that the novel is anonymous one is inclined to lean toward the opinion that the story is drawn from life. This is not beyond the realm of possibility for incidents as unfortunate and as dramatic as those which compose the bulk of the narrative have happened before and probably will continue to occur until the millenium relieves humanity of the need for worrying about its affairs.

It would be perhaps too severe to class "West of the Water Tower" among "unnecessary" novels. A drab story of a small town, it lacks the virtue of satire which made Sinclair Lewis' "Main Street"; even lacking this, however, and despite the fact that it will leave many a casual reader with a vague feeling of disgust and general unpleasantness, it is a darn good antidote for E. Phillips Oppenheim or Berta Ruck.

GEORGIAN STORIES. New York. G. P. Putman's Sons, Publishers. \$3.00.

It is planned, we understand, to issue a volume of Georgian Stories each year, to make them for England what the "O. Henry Memorial Stories" or the O'Brien "Best Short Stories" are for the United States.

In type, the Georgian Stories differ widely from those contained in either of the American collections mentioned. While they may be taken as being representative of English magazine fiction, they have been chosen, we feel sure, by some person or persons whose tastes are far less catholic than either O'Brien or the board which selects the O. Henry Memorial Stories.

One of the most powerful stories in the collection is "Miss Thompson," by Somerset Maugham, from which the very successful New York play "Rain" was made.

Others are less worthy of commendation. "George's Gender" is a trivial thing, rather pointless and slightly reminiscent of "Saucy Stories."

The volume also includes several stories of the supernatural; of these we enjoyed most "A Pair of Muddy Shoes."

Anyone who likes to finish a story with a chill running up and down his spinal column should certainly read it.

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MORGAN POWELL calls it

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Madame Claire

By Susan Ertz

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This unusual novel is a study of human nature, but human nature as seen from a fresh and unexpected angle. The central figure in it is a remarkable old woman, who, though her days of gadding about may be over, yet, because of her gift of keen perception and understanding, plays a great part in the lives of the younger generation. To an adoring circle of friends, of children and of grandchildren, she is known as Madame Claire. From her quiet rooms in a small Kensington hotel she pulls the threads that untangle seemingly hopeless knots. In her shrewd, lovable, humorous and wise way this lovely person lays kindly hands on one sadly tangled love affair, smooths troubled waters and brings to a happy conclusion yet another romance, nearer her heart than any. Madame Claire laughs—"there is nothing like the mirth of old age, for old age knows why it laughs," she says. How wise is Madame Claire—"emotions are only permissible when they are genuine, and not always then."

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Well, Perhaps

It was lunch time at the club house and the Eminent Golfer with the Large Appetite was the guest of the members. With wonder the Young Member and the Younger Member had watched the great man perform with the soup and start in upon the squab.

"H'mm," whispered the Younger Member to the Young Member, "I admired his spoon shots, didn't you?"

"Yes," replied the Young Member, "he should easily get three birdies."

The Younger Member (he was very young) sniggered audibly.

The Eminent Golfer glanced up.

"Beg pardon?" he said.

"We were just discussing your form, sir," said the Young Member, suavely.

"Wondering where you were at your best," added the Younger Member.

"Ah," replied the Eminent Golfer, complacently.

"I am at my best on the greens."



"I don't see anything coming. Why did you say look out?"

"I didn't say look out, I said watch out."

G—G—G



"What have you been thinking about?"

"Oh, nothing."

"How egotistical you are!"

G—G—G

Pinned Down

Child: "Father, what is the king pin?"

Father: "The rolling pin."

Then the Crockery Flew

She: If I died, would you marry again?

He: Not a chance.

G—G—G

In an unknown stock company playing a one-street town, was an actor no one has ever heard of who took a part not worth mentioning. But the plot of the whole show revolved around one of his entrances. Half way through the second act, he stepped through the surrounding scenery and said in a loud voice: "Your Lordship, I have cut off the Count's head."

On the particular night which we will be referring to in the next sentence, he messed things badly. He arrived much too soon; in fact, he made his entrance in the middle of the first act instead of the middle of the second.

The cast was amazed, aghast and dumbfounded, but one man retained that rare presence of mind which is known as stage sense. When he heard the words, "Your Lordship, I have cut off the Count's head," he promptly replied, "Oh, you 'ave, 'ave yer? Well, you've ruined the whole blooming show then, that's wot."

Sweet Things of June ~ O



Neill's

THE CHOCOLATES THAT ARE DIFFERENT

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"Hair-Groom" Keeps Hair
Combed—Well-Groomed



Millions Use It—Fine for Hair!
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A few cents buys jar of "Hair-Groom" at any drugstore, which makes even stubborn, unruly or shampooed hair stay combed all day in any style you like. "Hair-Groom" is a dignified combing cream which gives that natural gloss and well-groomed effect to your hair—that final touch to good dress both in business and on social occasions.

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and Fragrance
of the East in
every cup of



"SALADA" TEA

Plum Pudding (Continued from page 17)

Well, to make a long story short, "Plum Pudding" and not "Thumb Tack" won the race. To say that chagrin was mine is to put it mildly, especially when the odds were announced.

However, I determined to be brave and to say nothing of my loss.

"Look," I exclaimed, with simulated enthusiasm, "we get back \$43.50 for every two we bet."

"Aw, hell," replied Arthur. "I switched at the last moment. Bet everything I had on 'Thumb Tack'."

I saw the negro once again. It was as we were leaving the track. He was seated alone in the back of a taxi and smoking a large cigar.

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Witness (in Police Court): I swear to tell the truth, the royal truth, and nothing like the truth.

—Tit-Bits (London).

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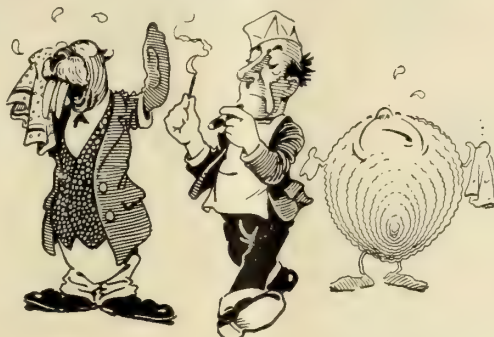
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THE QUALITY MATCHES SINCE 1851

EDDY'S
SAFETY
MATCHES



EDDY'S
SESQUI
MATCHES

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking on the Strand;
"If these were Eddy matches
It really would be grand;
To think of using others
Is more than I can stand."

(With apologies to "Alice in Wonderland")

THE E. B. EDDY COMPANY, LIMITED
HULL, QUEBEC

Nocturne

The moon beams through the trellis of the porch;
Deep hid within the honeysuckle vines,
With busy bow, and half his arrows spent
In record-breaking shots, Cupid reclines.
The night winds sigh amid the swaying leaves;
Oh! sweeter sighs that tell of bliss unspoken
The shadows hear—but never tell, and then—
A gasp, a screech, a thud—the hammock's broken.

G—G—G

—Widow.

Mrs. Newlywed (tearfully, after complaints about the sponge cake she had just made): "It's that wicked druggist's fault; he must have given me the wrong kind of sponges!"

—Black and Blue Jay.

G—G—G

The Consumer (feminine): "You poor fish. Don't fold your napkin in a cafe."

The Producer (masculine): "I gotta to get it in my pocket."

G—G—G

—Chaparral.

His Ship Comes in

For hours they had been together on her front porch. The moon cast its tender gleam down on the young and handsome couple who sat strangely far apart. He sighed. She sighed. Finally, "I wish I had money, dear," he said. "I'd travel."

Impulsively, she slipped her hand into his; then, rising swiftly, she sped into the house.

Aghast, he looked at his hand. In his palm lay a nickel.

—Columbia Jester.

HAND OVER FIST

Have you ever heard the expression "hand over fist?" Of course you have. Many's the time a friend has said to you something like this: "Jim Brown is making money hand over fist."

But how would you like people to say that about you?

We can show you how to make money selling GOBLIN subscriptions upon the most attractive conditions ever offered by this magazine. Write to our

Circulation Manager,

153 University Avenue,

Toronto, Canada.



There's no use talking it does pay to be on the *qui vive*, as the Russians say, to keep awake. Take the case of Gideon G. Gundelfinger (on the right above), to whom reference was made some months ago in these pages. He was rather seriously killed as a result of pulling a Mr. McGinnis' neck-tie under the misapprehension that it was a street car bell rope. Needless to say, he was not a reader of GOBLIN. No, sir, GOBLIN would have kept him on the *qui vive*. No reader of GOBLIN has ever, ever, ever pulled anybody's tie in mistake for a bell rope.

GOBLIN is the only known panacea and preventative in the world to-day. It will cure any trouble; it will prevent any trouble. It will keep you on the *qui vive*.

If YOU want to be on the *qui vive*, then sign this coupon.

GOBLIN MAGAZINE,
153 University Ave., Toronto, Canada.

Dear Sirs: I do not wish to mistake Mr. McGinnis' tie for a street car bell rope; hence please find enclosed \$2.25 in cheque, money order or postage in payment in full for one twelve-months' subscription to GOBLIN.

Name

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in the *Canadian Rockies*

is delightful opportunity for
Riding Climbing Hiking
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Descriptive booklet, fares and full information from nearest Canadian National Agent.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Appropriately Placed

Hotel Clerk—"Say, did you ever find that 'Not to be used except in case of fire' placard that those college boys stole from the third floor?"

Bellhop—"Sure. They had it nailed over the coalbin."
—Sun Dodger.

G—G—G

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" ranted Hi Tragedy, in the dungeon scene. "I'm mad! mad! mad!"

"I'll bet," yelled a voice from the gallery, "you ain't near as mad as us fellers that paid to get in." —Black and Blue.

G—G—G

Unskilled

Down in Texas the short cotton crop forced a large number of country negroes to the cities. One of these applied for a job at one of the large employment agencies.

"There's a job open at the Eagle Laundry," said the man behind the desk. "Want it?"

The applicant shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. "Tell you how it is, Boss," he said finally, "I sure does want a job mighty bad, but de fack is, I ain't never washed a eagle."
—Bear Skin.

G—G—G

The Creed of a Frosh

When ice cream grows on cherry trees,
And Sahara's sands grow muddy,
When cats and dogs wear B. V. D.'s,
That's when I like to study.—Octopus.

G—G—G

Headline—"Lightning Knocks Man Out of Bed."

We suppose he said, "All right, dear, I'll get right up."

—Lyre.

Love's Sweet Message

cannot be more suitably expressed than with a dainty box of

PATTERSON'S PRIVATE STOCK

the unrivalled chocolate dainties which have won enthusiastic recognition the world over.

Each Chocolate Is a Revelation

which charms the palate and reflects most favorably upon the bearer of this much appreciated tribute.

As the song bird is the herald of spring so is this box of sweet magic a harbinger of love.

The selection of Patterson's Chocolates indicates thoughtfulness and discrimination.

It is "A Matter of Good Taste."

The Patterson Candy Co. *Limited*

TORONTO



At Hart House Tuck and most good shops

The Evidence

Irate Parent: "Where were you last night?"

Wayward Son: "Oh, out with a couple of fellows."

Irate Parent: "Well, you tell those fellows not to leave their hair-pins in the car."

—Burr.

G—G—G

Natural Mistake

Algy: "What do you mean by telling Joan that I'm a fool?"

Percy: "Heavens, I'm sorry! I didn't know it was a secret."

—Siren.



Front!

Agitated Hotel Manager: "Say, don't you know that you shouldn't whistle in the lobby like that?"

Bell Boy: "Boss, I ain't whistlin'. I'se pagin' Missus Jones' dawg."

—Life.

G—G—G

Websterian

"What is a waffle?"

"A waffle is a pancake with cleats."

—Chaparral.

G—G—G

"Now this picture is entitled, 'Fleas'."

"No doubt by one of our famous modern etchers."

G—G—G

"Mother, I learned that our Sunday school teacher doesn't take baths."

"Why, Johnny! What do you mean?"

"She said that she never did anything in private that she wouldn't do in public."

—Gargoyle.

ANNOUNCING
THE
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SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL ART
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2.30—5 p. m.

Evening Dinner
5.00—7.30 p. m.

Makers of
"Polly-Anna Chocolates"
"The Glad Candies"

"Isn't that your roommate over there kidding that colored dame?"

"Oh, migosh. I just knew he'd make a fool outa himself if he ever went out alone. He's color blind, ya know."

—Sun Dodger.

G—G—G

Rustic (excitedly)—Hello! Hello!
I want to speak to my wife.

Operator—Number, please.

Rustic (indignantly) — Number?
Ain't got but one.

—Virginia Reel.

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Special Rates: 10 Tickets \$3.00

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VIVID INDIGO, jade, topaz, rose—all the colors on "The Road to Mandalay"—the colors of tropical birds, the colors of old world gardens are in these brilliant French Tub Frocks that greet a vivid summer.

In fine voiles, crepe Romaine, "Mille plis" ("a thousand pleats"—a new Rodier fabric) and ratine. They are extremely sensitive to style trends—therefore simple—with a simplicity of which the French are master artists.

Sports type Frocks and more elaborate styles for informal garden party wear in the French Salons—

Simpson's Third Floor.

The
Robert Simpson Company Limited



All's Well That Ends Well

"Hello, Horseshoe, where have you been all these years?"
 "Why, I got married."
 "That's fine."
 "Not so fine; my wife had eight children."
 "That's bad."
 "Not so bad; she had \$20,000."
 "That's good."
 "Not so good; she refused to give me a cent."
 "That surely is bad."
 "No, not so bad. She built a fine house with it."
 "Oh, that's very good."
 "Not so good. The house burned down."
 "That's bad, very bad."
 "Not so bad. My wife and the children burned up with the house, and it was fully covered with insurance."
 "That's wonderful!"

—Punch Bowl.

G—G—G

The lady was rather condescending.
 "My husband is very jealous," she remarked to her partner on the floor, "so I dance with exceedingly plain people."
 "It's a good system," said he. "I follow it."

—Judge.

G—G—G

A woman will forgive vindictiveness, brutality, and contempt. But she will never forgive the man who shows that he has no designs on her.

—Smart Set.

Kola

AN OLD FRIEND
FROM THE START



KOLA BRIARS

"Sweet at the break of day,
 Sweet when they've cleared away
 Lunch, and at close of day
 Possibly sweetest."

Over 200 shapes
 and sizes in
 Plain or Crusted

ONE DOLLAR

It's the Kola
 Process that does it.



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Gutta Percha & Rubber, Limited

Head Offices and Factories, Toronto

Branches from Coast to Coast

She Won: "He dances like a machine."

She Too: "Yes, like a pile driver."

Not a Bad Judge

A kind friend met a struggling playwright looking very glum.

"What is the matter?" queried the producer.

"I have just experienced a wretched stroke of luck," said the struggling one.

"Why? In what way?"

"Well," said the playwright. "I had just completed a fine drama, but my little boy has unfortunately thrown it on the fire."

"How terrible," replied the kind friend sympathetically, "but I was not aware the boy could read!"—*St. John Globe.*

G—G—G

Taking Her Measure

It was the first time he had ever read the lessons in church, and in consequence was feeling extremely nervous. When he came to the bottom of the page the last words were, "And Eve was," but being flurried he turned over two pages by mistake, and came to the description of the ark, and to the amusement of the congregation he bellowed forth, "And Eve was forty cubits round about."—*The Tatler.*

G—G—G

A Man of Parts

A certain wholesale firm sold some goods to a merchant at a small village in Missouri, but when the goods arrived at the village, the customer refused them.

The wholesale firm wrote to the station-master at the village for information about the arrival of the merchandise, to the president of the bank for information concerning the financial standing of their customer, to the mayor of the city, asking him to recommend a good lawyer to handle their case, and to the customer, threatening action if he did not make payment at once.

This was the reply: "I received the letter telling me I had better pay up. I am the station-master at Crossings, and also received the letter you wrote to the agent. I am the president and sole owner of the local bank, and can assure you as to my financial standing. As the mayor of the city, I hesitate to refer you to a lawyer, since I am the only member of the Bar of this vicinity. If I were not also pastor of the Methodist church I would tell you to go to hell."—*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.*

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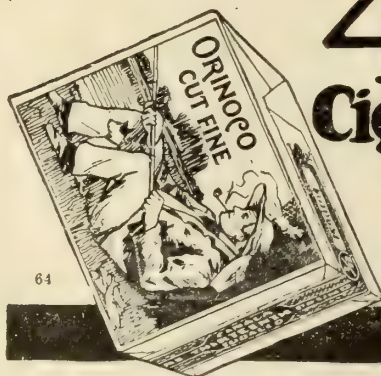
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because of the delight-
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Cigarettes
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"The Girl Who Came Back"

The greatest crook romance
ever shown on the screen.

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June 11th Victoria

Biddie—I suppose you have been
in the navy so long you are accustomed
to sea legs?

Middie—Lady, I wasn't even look-
ing. —Tiger.

G—G—G

"Do you sell invisible hairpins?"

"Yes, lady. Would you like to
see some?" —Log.

G—G—G

"If all the money spent on beer were
sent to America, we could soon pay
off the debt," said a prohibition ad-
vocate. This process would be known
as pussyfooting the bill.

—London Opinion.

The Wedgewood Tea Rooms

(Established 1905)

Home Cooking such as Mother's
at her best.

Daintily served meals of the
highest quality in ideal surround-
ings.

An invitation to dine at the
Wedgewood Tea Rooms is a
distinct compliment.

Our meals are a treat for the
jaded palate of the epicure.

Trinity 2634

695 Spadina Avenue

"They tell me that Thelma has
Tommy's fraternity pin."

"No, it's not definite, so they com-
promised on a pledge button."

—Jack o' Lantern.

G—G—G

CO-EDUCATIONAL CHEM- ISTRY

Now Cupid's a God who despises the
bars

That Science may place in his way;
Though ever a youth, he has fought
many wars,

And deep is the game he doth play.
You'd think that at Chemistry's coun-
tenance sad

He'd turn up his nose and take wing,
But here in the "lab" he has made a
pair mad,

And this is the song that they sing;
Yes, this is the song that they sing.

Refrain

The crucible is cooking.

Hear it hiss, hiss, hiss;

Oh, no one is looking.

Let us kiss, kiss, kiss!

The H₂S has filled the air

But for its stench we do not care,

For H₂S cannot impair

Our bliss, kiss, bliss.

—Brown Jug.

MODERN DANCING

MISS EDNA HINCH

356 Brunswick Ave.

**Fox Trot and Waltz
Taught in Three Private
Lessons**

Special rates to students

For Appointment Phone Trinity 37

A Busy Line

Modern inventions play an important part in our every-day life. A telephone, for example, is an innocent looking tool yet it causes many complicated situations.

Friend wife was visiting her mother and dear "hubby" was endeavoring to survive as best he could. Each evening by means of the telephone they learned the good or bad news of the day. On a certain eventful evening during the course of the conversation the wife inquired of her devoted mate as to his actions of the present moment. Being a truthful chap our hero replied that, if the truth was demanded, he was washing his B. V. D.'s. At this juncture Central sung out in an awe-inspiring voice, "I'm ringing them for you!" Whereupon the family cat turned a back somersault and another divorce case was in the offing.

—Tiger.

G—G—G

An Old Theme Handled in the Modern Manner

"Wilful waste makes woeful want."

1. Edna St. Vincent Milay:

I had a bag of money;
I spent it in a day.
I spent it for a red coat
To keep the wind away,
I spent it for a gold cloth
To lay across a chair.
I spent it for a green comb
To put within my hair,
And now I've no more money;
Both food and drink I lack.
O creditors and charge accounts!
I wish I had it back.

2. The First National Bank of Princeton:

Dear Sir:—We regret to inform you that your account with us is overdrawn.

G—G—G

Passenger—"Why are we stopping?"

Conductor—"There is a cow on the track."

Passenger, later—"Why are we stopping this time?"

Conductor—"There is a cow on the track."

Passenger—"What! have we caught up with that cow again?"

—Jack o' Lantern.

G—G—G

Four College Professors Asked to Resign; Accused of Making "Home Brew."

—News Item.

What an absorbing faculty.

—Brown Jug.

"Say it with Flowers"

There is sentiment in Flowers
that the recipient appreciates.

Dunlop's
Limited

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QUALITY THE BEST.



"Haven't I work enough without you spilling ashes all over?"

"G'wan! Think of the work I save you by wearing Hatchway No-Button Underwear."

"The average young lady has a vocabulary of only 500 words." It's a small stock, but think of the turnover.

—Juggler

G—G—G

Speaker—"Do you know that the time is coming when women will receive men's wages?"

Melancholy voice from rear of the house—"Yes, Saturday night."

—Whirlwind.

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GOBLIN MAGAZINE

153 University Ave. Toronto, Canada

Just a Few Purrs

CHINESE BANDITS HOLD AMERICAN FOR RANSOM—News item.

Probably a gang of ex-laundrymen.

—Pitt Panther.

G—G—G

Even in medieval times, the girls had heavy dates when they entertained a knight in armor.

—Pitt Panther.

G—G—G

FAMOUS ACTOR MAKES WILL, ASKING THAT HE BE BURIED IN AN ASBESTOS CURTAIN—News item.

There's a reason!

—Pitt Panther.

G—G—G

First Sister: "I'm going to sell kisses at the charity ball to-night. Do you think ten cents apiece is too much to charge for them?"

Second Sister: "No, I guess not. People expect to get cheated at these charity affairs."

—Sun Dodger.

G—G—G

Father: "What makes you think you can earn enough to support my daughter?"

Would-be: "Well, I've been engaged to her for six months."

—Widow.

G—G—G

Golf—the hoof and mouth disease. Walk around all day and talk about it all night.

—Orange Owl.

G—G—G

He: "Is it proper to take a girl walking in the park?"

She: "Yes, if you keep on walking."

—Awgwan.

G—G—G

"My kid brother was awfully sore at you when you were calling on me last night."

"Why so? I didn't do anything."

"That's why. He waited at the keyhole all evening for nothing."

—Gargoyle.

G—G—G

She: "Do you remember when you were first struck by my beauty?"

He: "I think so. Wasn't it at the masked ball?"

—Boll Weevil.

G—G—G

"Do you know what a good smoke is?"

"No—what's a good smoke?"

"A negro preacher that doesn't shoot craps."

—Royal Gaboon.

G—G—G

"But I gave you a dime only yesterday, my good man."

"That was given for food. Now I need money for a dyspepsia tablet for overeating."

—Royal Gaboon.

G—G—G

Diner: "Waiter, have you corn on the ear?"

Waiter: "No, sir, that's a wart."

—Lemon Punch.

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The Single Six

An almost revolutionary simplicity of design and accessibility of parts contribute their share toward low operating costs assured by

GASOLINE - - - 18 to 23 miles per gallon

TIRES - - - - - 12 to 18 thousand miles

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ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Enjoy thirst-

Cheer loud and long, and then call for the beverage with zest

Drink

Coca-Cola
TRADE MARK
REGISTERED

5¢



Delicious
and
Refreshing



The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.
Winnipeg—Toronto—Montreal

A Wild One

1st Tommy—"And what are the Ides of March?"

2nd Tommy—"The Ides of March? They must be the skins off March 'ares."

—Dodger.

G—G—G

"I was very embarrassed in church last Sunday."

"Do tell."

"I went with Tom. The pastor read four chapters from the Acts of the Apostles and Tom got up and went out between each Act."

—Gargoyle.

Bob Pickup—Ay, Fitzgerald, can ye tell me why Lord Pepperell always wears a monocle?

Fitz'—Well, I'm not sure, but I guess it's because his blooming brain can't absorb more than one eye can see.

—Brown Jug.

G—G—G

'23—I hear you and Geraldine had a fall-out. What was the trouble?

'23—Oh, it was all her kid brother's fault. One night he set the alarm clock under the sofa, and when it went off, from force of habit I shouted, "Wake up, you egg, it's time to move."

—Froth.

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To give Hotpoint wedding presents is a sign of good taste—to receive them is a compliment. There is a wide variety of Hotpoint appliances for you to choose from. Percolators, in various styles and sizes, the famous Hotpoint Iron, the new Reversible Toaster, Boudoir Sets, Curling Irons, Table Grills and Chafing Dishes. In fact, a complete line of Electrical appliances, any one of which will delight that fastidious young person—the bride.

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HALF A MO'!

Whiclets

FIRST!!"

